

W.
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OF

The Rev. Matthew Wilks.

3436. R. 61.

A SELECT
COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

COLLECTED OUT OF MANY AUTHORS;

Several of which are corrected, altered, and abridged, by

G. GILBERT,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

*Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and
Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody
in your Heart to the Lord. Eph. v. 19.*

R

PALMER, PRINTER, EAST GRINSTEAD.

1792.



P R E F A C E.

THIS COLLECTION of HYMNS is not intended to undervalue, or render useleſs Doctor Watts's excellent Pſalms and Hymns; or any other ſound author; it is deſigned only for publick worſhip, and chiefly for the congregational churches aſſembled at Heathfield, in the County of Suffex. The reaſons I had for collecting theſe Hymns, are as follow: Firſt, the congregation
a 2 laying

laying chiefly at a great distance, and are seldom together but on the Lord's Day, and of consequence have not so good an opportunity to improve that delightful part of divine worship, of singing praises to God, (as many others have) and as great care should be taken that no part of divine worship should dwindle into a form, (which is too often the case, and especially that of singing) to avoid this, I have collected the most evangelical hymns out of many authors, such as speak the language of a soul thirsting for the love of Christ in the heart, and for communion with Him; avoiding doctrinal, and metaphorical hymns; and also those that are in the singular number as much as I could, and have placed them in the following order; 1. Hymns for the Lord's Day; 2. Hymns for social worship; 3. Dismissal; 4. Hymns in common; 5. On the Nativity of Christ; 6. Funeral; 7. For

P R E F A C E.

v

7. For the Lord's Supper; 8. Doxologies; and may the Lord bless the use of this little book, to the end intended, is the sincere prayer of your willing servant in CHRIST,

Heathfield, Aug. 13, 1792.

GEORGE GILBERT.

	Page
Hymns for the Lord's Day	I
— for Social Worship	23
— for Dismissal	47
— in Common	56
— on the Nativity	178
— Funeral	180
— Lord's Supper	194
— Doxologies	209



1

10

100

60

I N D E X.

A

	Page.
A LL ye that love the Lord rejoice	64
Awake, awake the sacred song	70
A fulness resides	72
And art thou with us, gracious Lord ?	115
Arise, my contemplative pow'rs,	119
Array'd in mortal flesh,	148
And have I, Christ, no love to Thee ?	168
Awake our souls, away our fears,	172
A little space weak man appears,	189
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed !	204

B

Bride of the Lamb, up to the skies	12
Bless be the Father, and his love,	14
Bless, O my soul, the living God,	35
Beloved Saviour, faithful Friend,	40

I N D E X.

Blest be the dear uniting love	-	-	49
Before Jehovah's awful throne,	-	-	85
Brethren let us join to bless	-	-	130
Blessed be the everlasting God,	-	-	182
Behold the loving SON of GOD,	-	-	203

C

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns	-	-	5
Come gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,	-	-	8
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	-	-	16
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	-	-	30
Come, Holy Spirit come ;	-	-	39
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	-	-	67
Come, thou long expected Jesus,	-	-	76
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,	-	-	125
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,	-	-	144
Come, Lord, and help us to rejoice,	-	-	166

D

Dear Shepherd of thy people hear,	-	-	29
Dear Lord attend our pray'r,	-	-	42
Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord,	-	-	47
Darkness o'erspreads us here,	-	-	99

I N D E X.

Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove,	142
Day of judgment, day of wonders!	154

E

Encourag'd by the word of grace,	206
----------------------------------	-----

F

Frequent the day of God returns	4
For season call'd to part,	48
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise,	61
Father of glory, to thy name,	117
Firm as the earth thy Gospel stands,	139
Far from our thoughts vain world be gone,	139
Free grace to ev'ry heav'n-born soul	150
For mercies, countless as the sands,	153
From whence this fear and unbelief!	165
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,	211

G

Great God attend, while Sion sings	9
Great Father of mankind	26
God in his earthly temple lays	36
Glory to God on high,	81

I N D E X.

Grace 'tis a charming sound,	-	-	83
God is the refuge of his faints,	-	-	102
Great God, indulge our humble claim;	-	-	106
God our supporter and our hope,	-	-	108
Give us this day, all bounteous Lord,	-	-	199

H

Hail, sacred truth, thou source of peace	-	-	7
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,	-	-	17
How vast the benefits divine	-	-	23
Here Lord, in thy great name, we meet,	-	-	23
How honourable is the place	-	-	33
Holy Ghost, inspire our praises,	-	-	43
He lives, the great Redeemer lives,	-	-	75
How happy are we	-	-	89
How precious is the Book Divine,	-	-	109
How long shall earth's alluring toys	-	-	121
How blest are they whose feet have found	-	-	132
Happy the heart where graces reign,	-	-	152
Hark the herald angels sing,	-	-	178
Hark ! I hear the trumpet sound	-	-	191
How rich are thy provisions, Lord !	-	-	196
How sweet and awful is the place	-	-	197

I N D E X.

I

In sweet exalted strains	-	-	31
In God's own house pronounce his praise,	-	-	34
Jesus, where'er thy people meet,	-	-	34
Jesus, we bless thy Father's name ;	-	-	56
Jesus, how precious is thy name !	-	-	77
Jesus, the spring of joys divine,	-	-	79
In thee, thou all-sufficient God,	-	-	123
In Christ my treasure's all contain'd ;	-	-	127
Jesus my God of love !	-	-	162
Jesus, our souls delightful choice	-	-	164
Jesus, all praise is due to Thee,	-	-	179
It is the Lord !—enthron'd in light	-	-	192
Jesus is gone above the skies,	-	-	195

L

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,	-	-	53
Lord, I would spread my sore distress	-	-	86
Lord, one thing we want :	-	-	92
Lo ! He cometh, countless trumpets	-	-	124
Lo ! He comes with clouds descending	-	-	128
Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace	-	-	141
Let them neglect thy glory Lord,	-	-	145

I N D E X.

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,	-	-	-	174
Let God the Father, and the Son,	-	-	-	156

M

My soul, how lovely is the place	-	-	-	32
My God ! the spring of all my joys,	-	-	-	60
My God, my life, my love,	-	-	-	63
My God, how endless is thy love !	-	-	-	97
My God, how cheerful is the sound !	-	-	-	116
My soul, come meditate the day,	-	-	-	180
My Saviour dy'd, Oh wondrous grace !	-	-	-	201

N

Now, Lord, we part in thy great Name,	-	-	-	47
Now for a tune of lofty praise	-	-	-	57
Now to Lord that makes us know	-	-	-	66
Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus,	-	-	-	87
Not all the outward forms on earth	-	-	-	98
Not all the blood of beast	-	-	-	147
Now let our souls on wings sublime,	-	-	-	170
Naked as from the earth we came	-	-	-	184
Now to the great and sacred Three,	-	-	-	158

I N D E X.

O

O ! It is a sweet employ	21
O Jesus, our Lord	51
O for a closer walk with God,	80
Our Saviour and friend,	91
O Lord, how great's the favour	94
One there is, above all others,	96
O Lord, our languid souls inspire,	101
Our God, in whom are all the springs	103
Our spirits look to God alone ;	105
Our heavenly Father calls,	110
Our Saviour alone,	120
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness	133
O my distrustful heart,	137
Our Shepherd alone,	158
Oh what amazing words of grace	160

P

Peace be to this Congregation,	38
Praise to our Shepherd's gracious name,	113
Pray'r was appointed to convey	161

I N D E X.

R

Repentance, Holiness, and Faith	-	-	19
Rejoice, ye saints, in ev'ry state,	-	-	156
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,	-	-	169

S

Sweet is the work my God my King	-	-	2
See all things by the power and love	-	-	
See, dearest Lord, we humbly meet	-	-	45
Salvation! O the joyful sound!	-	-	50
Saviour of men, and Lord of love	-	-	69
See Lord, thy willing subjects bow,	-	-	74
Say, where's thy hope? thou sinner say,	-	-	136
Strangers and sojourners below	-	-	187
Stupend'ous grace! heav'n's darling bleeds,	-	-	200
Sweet Jesus, when thy death I view;	-	-	202

T

This is the day the Lord hath made,	-	-	1
Thanks to thy name, O Lord, that we	-	-	11
To God the only wise	-	-	54
To God the great, the ever-blest,	-	-	55
The God who reigns on high,	-	-	88

I N D E X.

The praise of Sion waits for Thee,	-	-	107
Thee Father, we bleſs	-	-	114
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !	-	-	135
The billows ſwell, the winds are high,	-	-	151
There is a fountain filled with blood	-	-	176
Thee we adore, eternal Name !	-	-	181
The ſpirits of the juſt,	-	-	186
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,	-	-	207
This was compaſſion like a God,	-	-	208
To God the Father, God the Son,	-	-	209
To God the Father's throne	-	-	211
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,	-	-	212

U

Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,	-	-	59
Up to the fields where angels lie,	-	-	146

V

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame	-	-	188
-------------------------------	---	---	-----

W

Welcome ſweet day of reſt,	-	-	15
We bleſs thy name, Oh ! deareſt Lord,	-	-	25
Where two or three, with ſweet accord,	-	-	28

INDEX.

We are a garden wall'd around,	68
Where shall we sinners hide our heads,	111
With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,	131
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn ?	173
Why do we mourn departing friends,	185
When I survey the wond'rous cross	194

Y

Ye servants of God, your Saviour proclaim,	157
Ye angels round the throne,	167

(1)

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS;

HYMN I. [C. M.]

For the LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

A

Hosanna to th' anointed King,

To David's holy Son!

Help us, O LORD; descend and bring

Salvation from Thy throne.

Blest be the LORD, who comes to men

With messages of grace;

Who comes in GOD, his FATHER's name,

To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains

The church on earth can raise;

The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,

Shall give Him nobler praise.

H Y M N II. [L. M.]

SWEET is the work, my GOD, my KING,

To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To shew Thy love by morning light,

And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, 'till Thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before)
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor satan break my peace again.
 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

H Y M N III. [C. M.]

FREQUENT the day of GOD returns
 To shed its quick'ning beams ;
But ah ~~And yet~~ how slow devotion burns !
 How languid are its flames !

Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, LORD, forgive ;
 We would be like Thy saints above,
 And praise Thee while we live.

Increase, O LORD, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of GOD appear,
And feast on love divine.

Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our pow'rs employ;
Delighted range the etherial plains,
And take our fill of joy.

HYMN IV. [L. M.]

COME, bless the LORD, whose love assigns,
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

O! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

THE LORD'S DAY.

H Y M N V.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, thou Source of sweetest Gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light,
Loving Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Distributor of Grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, O hear our supplication :

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend ;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or GOD can send :
O thou GLORY, shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us Thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation.

Come, Thou best of all Donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls Thy graces show'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

H Y M N VI. [L.M.]

COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God,
Lead us to CHRIST, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest'd;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

H Y M N VII. [L. M.]

GREAT God attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of Grace,
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

God is our Sun, he makes our day :
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway,
The glorious hosts of heaven obey ;
And devils at Thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

H Y M N VIII. [L.M.]

THANKS to Thy name, O LORD, that we
One glorious sabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with Thee
Among Thy sheep, in this Thy fold.
Now, LORD, among Thy tribes appear,
And let Thy presence fill the throng;
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
Let ev'ry soul before Thee here,
Thro' Thee the door now enter in,
Find pasture with our Saviour dear,
Sav'd from the guilt and pow'r of sin.
Dear tender-hearted Shepherd look,
And let our wants Thy bowels move:
And kindly lead Thy little flock,
To the sweet pastures of Thy love.

There sweetly feed our hungry souls,
In flow'ry fields near the sweet stream,
Where living water gently rolls
Towards the New Jerusalem.

H Y M N IX. [8. 8. 6.]

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies
Let daily praise like incense rise,
To join with their's above.
Worthy is He that once was slain,
A race of rebels to regain,
To have our choicest love,
Into this ark, with great amaze,
The winged seraphs, wond'ring gaze,
Redeeming love to trace:
Should mortals, who in part have found
Redemption thro' the SAVIOUR's wounds,
Refuse to shout Free Grace?

Cry then, to our REDEEMER dear,
He loves His people's voice to hear,
 They are his joy and crown;
E'er long we Him in clouds shall see,
Cloathed in pomp and majesty,
 His ransom flock to own.

Shower down Thy grace, O JESUS, now,
Through ev'ry vessel let it flow,
 Each sick'ning plant to cheer:
Rooted in Thee, O may we stand
Unshaken, waiting Thy command,
 And love Thy voice to hear.

Freedom to ev'ry soul proclaim;
In ev'ry heart, O JESUS, reign,
 And set the pris'ners free:
Now, LORD, relieve each burden'd mind,
And give us all, with joy to find,
 Eternal life in Thee.

H Y M N X. [L. M.]

BLEST be the FATHER, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,

And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great SON of GOD !
Forth from Thy wounded body rolls,
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred SPIRIT praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore;
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN XI. [S. M.]

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the LORD arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

H Y M N XII.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And warm with uncreated fire!
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and chear us, all our days,
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Our foes convert; give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And THEE; a Trinity in One:
That, thro' the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

Praise to Thy eternal love,
FATHER, SON, and mystic DOVE!

H Y M N XIII.

HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in CHRIST possess!
Sav'd from the guilt of sin we are,
And call'd to holiness.

But not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
Hath GOD decreed on sinful worms
Salvation to bestow.

The glory, LORD, from first to last,
Is due to Thee alone:
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob Thee of thy crown.

Our glorious Surety undertook
To satisfy for man,

And grace was given us, in Him,
Before the world began.

This is Thy will, that in Thy love
We ever should abide :

And, lo ! we earth and hell defy,
To make Thy counsel void.

Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heav'n attain ;

Partake, on earth, the purpos'd grace,
And then with JESUS reign.

H Y M N XIV.

SEE all things by the pow'r and love
Of our IMMANUEL form'd anew,

Behold the city of our God

Descending to our raptur'd view !

There shall the saints triumphant dwell
With angels, and their life enjoy ;

And their harmonious harps and tongues
In everlasting praise employ.

No more their bodies rack'd with pain,
Or moulder'd by the curse are found:
Immortal from the dust they rise,
And with immortal glory crown'd.

Sin shall defile and vex no more,
In infinite perfection lost;
O, when shall we our harbour gain,
And land upon the blissful coast!

H Y M N XV.

REPENTANCE, Holiness, and Faith,
By which to Thee we live,
Are not conditions we perform,
But Graces we receive,
Thy Spirit does not offer life,
But raises from the dead:

And neither asks the sinner's leave,
Nor needs the sinner's aid.

Thy Pow'r, before the fruit is good,
Must first renew the tree :

We rise, and work the works of God,
When wrought upon by Thee.

Each grace of our celestial birth
From thy blest influence springs;
Which plants, and nourishes, and guards,
And to perfection brings.

Gardens of thine, inclos'd and seal'd,
Thou all our works hast wrought;
And will eternal peace ordain,
For those thy blood hath bought.

Had not thy love lain hold on us,
We had not lov'd thee now :

Possess us quite, thou God of grace,
To whom our All we owe !

HYMN XVI.

OH! it is a sweet employ
To bless the God of Love!
This completes the glorious joy
Of happier souls above:
Saints, admitted to the throne,
Sing the grace which brought them there:
Let us, 'as we journey on,
The heavenly triumph share.
Yes, we too have cause to sing,
As we to Sion go;
Wonder strikes the grateful string,
And bids our bosom glow:
Basking in thy smile they stand;
Sinners at thy feet we fall,
Till we reach the promis'd land,
Where Thou art All in All.

Tho' from Abra'm's breast detain'd,
We travel here awhile;
Thither our affections tend,
Where saints forget their toil:
With Thy praise upon our tongues,
We the wilderness pass thro';
Trusting soon to mix our songs
With their's who see Thee now.

They Thy promises fulfill'd,
With shouts of joy proclaim:
We, to full redemption seal'd,
And lov'd alike with them,
Sing Thy never-changing grace;
Grace that shall to glory lead:
Thou, whose will decreed our bliss,
Shall give the bliss decreed,

H Y M N XVII.

HAIL, sacred truth, thou source of peace,
Replete with joys divine;
Thy wonders still in me increase,
Make all Thy treasures mine.
Thy perfect blessings never fade,
Thou pure eternal day,
All sorrows, like the night's dark shade,
At Thy approach give way.
Come, then, and make Thy fix'd abode,
In spirit, body, soul,
Unveil in me, the depths of God,
And all that's false controul.

H Y M N XVIII. [8. 8. 6.]

HERE, LORD, in Thy great name we meet,
And humbly worship at Thy feet;
How dreadful is this place!

Since Thou hast promis'd to be here,
With prostrate awe, we wou'd draw near,
To seek Thy milder face.

Oh! give us all a pure desire!
Kindle in us the holy fire!

Which glow'd in ancient saints:

Give us to feel our sinfulness,
And sink into a sweet distress,
And find out all our wants.

Help us, like saints of old, to pray,
Nor hide Thy face from us away;

Be present with us now:

And let Thy sweet redeeming love,
Descending from Thy throne above,
Sweetly among us flow.

Oh! let us hear Thine heav'nly voice,
Bid ev'ry mournful heart rejoice,
With sin and sorrow part:

Help us, to make ~~our~~ SAVIOUR room;
Come, Oh! Desire of Nations, come,
And dwell in ev'ry heart.

H Y M N XIX. [L. M.]

WE bless Thy name, oh, dearest LORD,
That Thou dost still to us afford,
Once more to meet together here,
What love to us-wards dost Thou bear!

Come, JESUS, now fulfil thy word;
Come, meet among us, dearest LORD:
Come, let us feel thy Spirit move,
And fill, oh! fill us, with Thy love.

Then let our longing wishes rise,
Help us to breathe them thro' the skies;
To Thee, we'd pour out our complaints,
Who hears the cries of all Thy saints.

Dear Father, now, if we be thine,
Make us to feel Thy power divine:
Make ev'ry heart to leap for joy;
Fill ev'ry soul with sweet employ.
Come like a mighty rushing wind,
Let heav'nly love fill ev'ry mind:
Then our rejoicing tongues shall raise,
Sweet songs of great JEHOVAH's praise.

H Y M N XX. [6. 4.]

GREAT FATHER of Mankind,
We bless that wond'rous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place:
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of pray'r!

Tho' once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own.

Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred Name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in Thy claim;

Our Father-King,
Thy cov'nant-grace,
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

Here in Thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;

And while such sweets we taste,

With joy our faces shine :

Incense shall rise

From flames of love,

And God approve

The sacrifice.

H Y M N XX. [L. M.]

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign LORD,

Meet to recount his acts of grace,

And offer solemn pray'r and praise,

" There," says the SAVIOUR, " will I be,

Amidst this little company ;

To them unveil my smiling face,

And shed my glories round the place."

We meet at thy command, dear LORD,

Relying on thy faithful word :

Now send thy SPITIT from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

H Y M N XXI. [C. M.]

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place of pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

Shew us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty Grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

H Y M N XXII. [L. M.]

COME, dearest LORD, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd,

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess;
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the GOD whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST, his Son.

H Y M N XXIII. [6. 8.]

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controuls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as Thy own:

Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How GOD can dwell with men below.
Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

H Y M N XXIV. [C. M.]

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy GOD resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.
There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving Pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove,
Descends and fills the place,
While CHRIST reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

There, mighty GOD, thy works declare
The secrets of Thy will ;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

H Y M N XXV. [C. M.]

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand ;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !
Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls, of strong Salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.
Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You, that have known JEHOVAH's Name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
Trust, in the LORD, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the LORD JEHOVAH dwells,
Eternal as his years.

H Y M N XXVI. [C.M.]

IN GOD's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace He there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse His deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

H Y M N XXVII. [L. M.]

BLESS, O, my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O, my soul, the God of Grace;
His favours claim the highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath wrought,
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly folies of our lives.

The vices of the mind He heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels:
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

H Y M N XXVIII. [L. M.]

GOD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our GOD below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek, and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing,
The hills where living waters spring.

When GOD makes up his last account,
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new-born, or nourish'd there!

H Y M N XXIX. [8. 7.]

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein,
Peace, the fore-taste of salvation,
Peace the fruit of cancel'd sin !
Peace, that speaks its heav'nly Giver,
Peace to sensual minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne !

LORD, if now Thou passeth by us,
Stand, and call us unto Thee ;
Fully, freely justify us,
Give us eyes Thy love to see ;
Love that brought Thee down from heav'n,
Made our GOD a man of grief ;
Let it shew our sins forgiven :
Help, O help our unbelief !

Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
By Thy swift appearing cheer us,
Quickly let Thy kingdom come :
Answer all our expectation,
Give our raptur'd souls to prove
Glorious uttermost salvation,
Heav'nly, everlasting love.

H Y M N XXX. [L. M.]

COME, Holy Spirit come ;
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet ;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to JESU'S blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of GOD.

Shew us the sinner's Friend
That rules the courts of bliss;
The LORD of hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

H Y M N XXXI. [L. M.]

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy coſs's train;
In mercy to our aid deſcend,
Or elſe we worſhip Thee in vain.

In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If CHRIST his influence with-hold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our GOD by faith behold.

Then let us feel Thy healing beams
And view Thy reconcil'd face;
Yea, prove Thy presence in these means,
To bless a vile and helpless race.

Here manifest thyself in peace,
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N XXXII. [S. M.]

DEAR LORD attend our pray'r,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell Thou there,
That Thou in us may'ſt live.

In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer a ſinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.

Thou read'ſt the naked breaſt
For liberty we groan;
We ſigh in Thee, our LORD, to reſt,
And worſhip Thee alone.

If trials vex our mind,
Cloſe to Thy wounds we'll flee;
No refuge may we elſewhere find,
But what we find in Thee.

To Thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed ;
On Thee for future grace depend,
Our help in ev'ry need.

H Y M N XXXIII. [8. 7.]

HOLY GHOST, inspire our praises,
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues !
Laud we now thy name, O JESUS,
Heav'n shall echo with our songs.

Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
Shall be profit in the end ;
Ev'ry ordinance a blessing ;
Ev'ry providence a friend.

BLESSED LORD, be Thou our teacher,
Helper, counsellor, and guide ;
Speak the promise thro' the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.

Vain is learning, parts, or merit,
Vain the native pow'rs of man ;
JESUS ! send thy Holy Spirit,
So display the gospel plan.

H Y M N XXXIV. [L. M.]

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat,
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee, where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

BEHOLD! at thy commanding word,
Let Sion stretch her cords abroad:
Come then, and fill that wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord we are few, but, Thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

H Y M N XXXV. [C.M.]

SEE, dearest LORD, we humbly meet
To supplicate thy grace,
That we may hear thy precious word;
And see thy milder face.

Let us the sheep, by JESUS nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless,
Let us whom JESUS hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.

GREAT GOD, thy sov'reign aid impart,
And give thy word success :
Write thy salvation on our heart,
And grant us all thy grace.

Long we have sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation LORD ;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

But when to yonder world we go,
Thy glory to behold !
Where streams of endless pleasures flow,
Our hearts will ne'er grow cold.

H Y M N XXXVI. [L. M.]

DISMISS us with thy blessing LORD,
Help us to feed upon thy Word;
What Thou has seen amiss forgive,
And CHRIST the truth within us live.

Tho' we are vile, yet thou art good,
Wash all our works in JESU's blood,
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

H Y M N XXXVII. [L. M.]

NOW, LORD, we part in thy great Name,
In which we here together came :
Help us, our few remaining days,
To live unto JEHOVAH's praise.

Help us in life and death to bleſs
The LORD, our ſtrength, and righteouſneſs ;
And bring us all, to meet above,
Then ſhall we better ſing Thy love.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

FOR a ſeaſon call'd to part,
Let us now ourſelves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

JESUS, hear our humble pray'r !
Tender Shepherd of thy ſheep !
Let thy Mercy and thy Care,
All our ſouls in ſafety keep.

In thy ſtrength, may we be ſtrong,
Sweeten ev'ry croſs and pain :
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy Peace to meet again.

Then if Thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the LORD,
Who our poor petitions heard.

H Y M N XXXIX. [C. M.]

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go :
And still in JESU'S footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside !
Nothing desire, nor ought esteem,
But JESUS crucify'd.

Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace :
Out of His fulneſs to receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.

But let us haſten to the day
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore ;
When vanquiſh'd death ſhall ſhrink away
And bodies part no more.

H Y M N XL. [C. M.]

SALVATION ! O the joyful ſound !
What pleaſure to our ears !
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound
A cordial for our fears.

Bleſſing, honour, praife and power, &c.

SALVATION ! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Blessing, honour, praise and power, &c.

SALVATION! O Thou bleeding LAMB,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.
Blessing, honour, praise and power, &c.

H Y M N XLI. [S. M.]

O JESUS, our LORD,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word!
In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And chearfully join in a concert of praise.
The ancient of days
His glory displays,

And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.
The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy salvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.
The people who know
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

(Their anguish and smart
And sorrows depart,
Who find His salvation inscrib'd on the heart.)
The people are blest
Who lean on his breast,
And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.

This blessing is mine
Through favour divine,
But, O my REDEEMER, the glory be thine.
The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise !
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

H Y M N XLII. [8. 7. 4.]

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;

May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.
So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey;
We shall surely
Reign with 'CHRIST in endless day.

H Y M N XLIII. [S. M.]

TO GOD the only wise,
Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.
'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our REDEEMING GOD,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of Majesty
And everlasting songs.

H Y M N LXIV. [L. M.]

TO God the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be address:
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, LORD, to be,
Join'd to thy saints, and near to Thee.

H Y M N LXV. [L. M.]

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners thro' his SON!

"CHRIST be my first elect," he said ;
Then chose our souls in CHRIST our head ;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin,
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy feed.

Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

H Y M N XLVI. [L. M.]

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great JEHOVAH's equal SON !
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above ;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came to raise our nature high ;
He came t' appease almighty wrath ;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace ;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God, exalted reigns ;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains !

H Y M N XLVII. [L. M.]

UP to the LORD, that reigns on high ;
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform !
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

H Y M N XLVIII. [C. M.]

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While JESUS shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his!"

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest LORD.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

H Y M N XLIX. [C. M.]

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed JESUS reigns,
In heav'ns unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Sweet JESUS ! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to Thy bless'd abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

HYMN L. [S. M.]

MY God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;

I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when Thou art here;
If Thou depart, 'tis hell.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, LORD.

Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll :
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

To Thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire :
And yet, how far from Thee I lie !
Dear JESUS, raise me higher.

H Y M N L I. [C. M.]

ALL ye that love the LORD rejoice,
And let your songs be new ;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing :
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

The LORD takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the LORD.

When CHRIST the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

H Y M N LIII. [L. M.]

NOW to the LORD that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
To JESUS our atoning priest,
To JESUS our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once ;
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

H Y M N LIV. [C. M.]

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd (they cry)
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the LAMB ; (our lips reply)
For he was slain for us.

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LV. [L. M.]

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by GOD the FATHER's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly wind ! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;
Spirit divine ! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our SAVIOUR GOD,
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

H Y M N LVI. [C. M.]

SAVIOUR of men, and LORD of love
How sweet Thy gracious Name !
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.
While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King.

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by ;
First in our mortal flesh to serve
Then in that flesh to die.

Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, LORD, are thine ;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

H Y M N LVII. [C. M.]

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate God ;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

That awful word, that sov'reign pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made ;
(O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
Was once in flesh array'd !

Then shone almighty pow'r and love
In all their glorious forms ;
When JESUS left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

To dwell with misery below,
The SAVIOUR left the skies
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

Adoring Angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

What glory LORD, to thee is due !
With wonder we adore ;
But could we sing as Angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

H Y M N LVIII. [5. 6.]

A FULLNESS resides
In JESUS our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need ;
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store,
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

Whate'er be our wants
We need not to fear ;
Our num'rous complaints
His mercy will hear ;
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies ;
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise,

The fountain o'erflows
Our woe to redress,
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace :
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive ;
He has a redundancy
For all that believe.

Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us
And silence our fear ;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

H Y M N LIX. [L. M.]

SEE LORD, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before Thy throne :
Accept our humble, cheerful vow,
Thou art our Sov'reign thou alone.

Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
Even cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hope's and joy's immortal bloom.

Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our SAVIOUR KING,
The condescensions of his love.

Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe!
Amazing love! did Jesus die?

He died to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
O let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run !

H Y M N LX. [L. M.]

HE lives, the great REDEEMER lives,
(What joy the blest Assurance gives !)
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears,
But in the SAVIOUR's lovely face
Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is peace.
Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts !
Above our fears, above our faults
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That JESUS bears us on his heart.
Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads and must prevail.

H Y M N LXI. [8. 7.]

COME, thou long expected JESUS,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raife us to Thy glorious throne.

H Y M N LXII. [8. 9.]

JESUS, how precious is thy Name!
The great JEHOVAH's darling, thou!
O let me catch the immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.
My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;

The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are !
Thee my great Prophet I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross ;
Who now does intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause :
In thee I trust, thee I would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet ;
All other Lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit :
My SAVIOUR King, this heart would love,
And imitate the blest'd above.

H Y M N LXIII. [L. M.]

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all true hopes and comforts flow;
JESUS, no other Name but thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

No other Name will heav'n approve;
Thou art the true, the living Way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

H Y M N L I V. [C. M.]

O FOR a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame !
A light to ſhine upon the road,
That leads me to the LAMB !
Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I knew the LORD ?
Where is the ſoul-refreshing view
Of JESUS and his word ?
What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill !
But now I find an aching void,
Which none but GOD can fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that make me mourn,
That drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be ;
Help me to bear it from thy Throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
And light divine mark out the road,
That leads me to the LAMB.

H Y M N LXV. [6. 4.]

GLORY to God on high,
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !

Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
 “Worthy the LAMB!”

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name,
We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;
 “Worthy the LAMB!”

Join all the ransom'd race
Our LORD and GOD to bless:
 Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise;
And shout, with heart and voice,
 “Worthy the LAMB!”

Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease

Praising his name :

To him we'll tribute bring ;

Hail him our gracious King :

And, without ceasing, sing,

“ Worthy the LAMB ! ”

H Y M N LXVI. [S. M.]

GRACE 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear :

Heaven with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way

To save rebellious man ;

And all the steps that Grace display,

Which drew the wond'rous plan.

'Twas Grace that wrote my name
In thy eternal book :

'Twas Grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow :
'Twas Grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heav'n the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise,

H Y M N LXVII. [L M.]

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N LXVIII. [C. M.]

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes :
Against thy law, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise !
Should'st Thou consign my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
No works nor righteousness of men
For sin can e'er atone :
The death of CHRIST shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
Then do not from my soul depart,
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create anew my sinful heart,
And fill my mouth with praise.

H Y M N LXIX. [8. 7.]

NOTHING but thy blood, O JESUS,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us;
Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone,
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

JESUS, all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good:
Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience,
All are purchas'd by Thy blood.

From thy fullness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
To the needy who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient spirit,
How to mourn and not despair:
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.

H Y M N LXX. [6. 8. 4.]

THE GOD who reigns on high,
The great arch-angels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"ALMIGHTY KING!

"Who was, and is, the same;

"And evermore shall be;

"JEHOVAH—Father—Great I am!

"We worship Thee."

Before the SAVIOUR'S face

The ransom'd nations bow;

O'erwhelm'd at his ALMIGHTY grace,

For ever new:

He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame !
And sound, thro' all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd LAMB.

The whole triumphant host,
Give thanks to GOD on high ;
“ Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.”
They ever cry :
Hail, Abr'ham's GOD and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

H Y M N LXXI. [C.M.]

HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And can venture our souls on thy gracious decree !

In JESUS approv'd ;
From eternity lov'd ;
And held in his hand, whence we cannot be mov'd !
'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to Thine :
While born from above,
And upheld by Thy love,
We with singing and triumph to Sion remove.
As doves we have prest
To the ark of Thy breast,
That harbour of safety, that centre of rest :
Thou hast taken us in,
Thou hast cancel'd our sin,
And sown the sure seed of Salvation within.
Our seeking Thy face
Was the fruit of Thy Grace ;
Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all the praise :

No sinner can be
Beforehand with Thee ;
Thy grace is preventing, ALMIGHTY and free.
Effectually drawn,
We come to Thy SON ; [own :
And thoul't perfect the work, for the work was Thy
Thy breath, from above,
The spark shall improve ;
No floods can extinguish our dawning of love.

H Y M N LXXII.

OUR SAVIOUR and Friend,
His love shall extend ;
It knew no beginning, and never shall end :
Whom once he receives,
His Spirit ne'er leaves ;
Nor revokes, nor repents of the grace that he gives.

Through mercy we taste
The invisible feast,
The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the blest;
Who grants us to know
His drawings below,
Will endless salvation and glory bestow.
This proof we can give,
When Thee we receive,
Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe:
Thou art precious to us;
All beside is as dross, [Thy cross.
When compar'd with Thy love, and the blood of

H Y M N LXXIII.

LORD, one thing we want:
More holiness grant;
For more of Thy mind, and Thy likeness, we pant:

Thine image impress
On Thy favourite race ;
O ! fashion and polish Thy vessels of grace.
Thy workmanship we
More plainly would be :
LORD, take us in hand, and confirm us to Thee :
Thy impress to bear,
Thy likeness to wear,
Be this our ambition, our study and pray'r.
Thou hast made it our will
To resemble Thee still :
Turn our hearts to thy spirit, as clay to the seal :
While onward we move
To thy Canaan above,
Make us holy and humble before Thee in love.
All this shall be done ;
'Tis already begun !
'Thou, from conqu'ring to conquer, in us will go on :

In us, when we die,
Thy grace from on high
Will the finishing hand to thine image apply.

H Y M N LXXIV. [6. 7.]

O LORD, how great's the favour
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, through thy death's sweet favour
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome message,
Which bids us go in peace !

LORD, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead ;

Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin ;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition
Who shall afford us aid ?
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's head ?

JESUS, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing story
Of JESU's love so great :

In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.

H Y M N LXXV.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !
Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our JESUS dy'd to have us,
Reconcil'd in him to GOD :
This was boundless love indeed !
JESUS is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, LORD, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above ;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

H Y M N LXXVI. [L. M.]

MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign Word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
I yield my pow'rs to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N LXXVII. [C. M.]

NOT all the outward forms on earth
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
Th' sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

DARKNESS o'erspreads us here,
But th' night wears fast away;
Jacob's star will soon appear,
Leading on eternal Day!

Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep;
Trim our lamps, and stand prepar'd,
For our Lord strict watch to keep,
Lest he finds us off our guard.

Tho' already fav'd by Grace,
From the hour we first believ'd ;
Yet while sin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd ;
Still we for salvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes !
Death will break the prison gates,
And admit us to our homes.

Sinners, what can you expect ?
You who now the SAVIOUR dare ;
Break his laws, his grace reject,
You must stand before his bar !
Tremble, lest he say depart !
Oh the horrors of that sound !
LORD, make ev'ry careless heart,
Seek thee while thou may'st be found.

H Y M N LXXIX. [C. M.]

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art !
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

Dear Shepherd of thy people here,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !

H Y M N LXXX. [L. M.]

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd,
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God :
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.
That sacred stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour,
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

H Y M N LXXXI. [L. M.]

OUR God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;
Hide us beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is over-blown.

Up to the heav'ns we send our cry
The LORD will our desires perform ;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves us from the threat'ning storm.
Our hearts are fix'd, our song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy Name ;
Awake our tongues, to sound his praise,
Our tongues the glory of our frame.
High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
Be thou exalted, O our God !
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

H Y M N LXXXII. [L. M.]

OUR spirits look to God alone ;
Our rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all our fears, in all our straits,
Our souls on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke ?

Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again our ears have heard,
All pow'r is his eternal due ;
He must be fear'd and trusted too.

For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne ;
Thy grace and justice, mighty LORD !
Shall well divide our last reward.

H Y M N LXXXIII. [L. M.]

GREAT God, indulge our humble claim,
Thou art our hope, our joy, our rest,
The glories that compose thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make us blest.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art our Father and our GOD !
And we are thine by sacred ties ;
Thy sons, thy daughters, bought with blood.

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee we long, to Thee we look ;
As trav'lers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

With early feet we love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
Oft have we seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

H Y M N LXXXIV. [L. M.]

THE praise of Sion waits for Thee,
O God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray ;
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.
Against our will our sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain ;
The blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash our garments white again.

Blest are the men whom Thou shalt choose,
And give them kind access to Thee;
And give them places in thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

H Y M N LXXXV. [C. M.]

GOD our supporter and our hope,
Our help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held us up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, LORD, shall guide our feet
Thro' this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct us near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

Where we in heav'n without our God,
No joy to us 'twould be;
And whilst this earth is our abode,
We long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and hearts should faint ?
God is our soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint !
Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.
But to draw near to Thee, our God,
Shall be our sweet employ,
Our tongues shall sound thy works abroad ;
And tell the world our joy.

H Y M N LXXXVI. [C.M.]

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears :
This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light,
Of an eternal day.

H Y M N LXXXVII. [6. 7. 8.]

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And CHRIST invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
God pities all our griefs,
He pardons ev'ry day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our REDEEMER's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood !

JESUS, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be compleat
In nobler scenes above.

H Y M N LXXXVIII. [C. M.]

WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads,
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave ?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?

JESUS, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.

Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

We bless that wond'rous purple stream
That cleanses ev'ry stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

LORD, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work our death
Fly, for we hate you all.

H Y M N LXXXIX. [L. M.]

PRAISE to our Shepherd's grac'ous name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.

Hail, great IMMANUEL from above,
High seated on thy throne of love!
O pour the vital torrent down,
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

Scarce half alive we sigh and cry;
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
Kind SAVIOUR, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.

The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
O may we all its influence feel;
Till inward deep experience show,
CHRIST can begin a heav'n below.

H Y M N XC.

THEE Father we bleſs
Whose diſtinguiſhing grace
Selected a people to ſhew forth thy praiſe :
Nor is thy love known
By election alone ;
For, O ! thou haſt added the gift of thy Son.
The goodneſs in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and excepted a ranſom for men.
Great SURETY of thine,
Thou didſt not decline
To concur with the Father's moſt gracious deſign.
To JESUS our friend
Our thanks ſhall aſcend,
Who ſaves to the utmoſt and loves to the end.

Our ransom he paid!
In his merit array'd
We attain to the glory for which we were made.
Sweet Spirit of grace,
Thy mercy we bless
For thy eminent share in the council of peace:
Great Agent divine,
To restore us is thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

H Y M N XCI. [C. M.]

AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
Dost thou a Father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?

And in such friendly accents speak
To sooth their sad complaints ?
Why droop our hearts ? why flow our eyes
While such a voice we hear ?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near ?
To all thine other favours, add
An heart to trust thy word ;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the LORD.

H Y M N XCII. [C. M.]

MY God, how cheerful is the sound !
How pleasant to repeat !
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat.
What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores ?

What streams of mercy from on high
An Arm Almighty pours !

From CHRIST, the everlasting spring,
These ample blessings flow :

Prepare, my lips, his Name to sing,
Whose heart hath lov'd us so.

Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory giv'n,

Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heav'n.

H Y M N XCIII. [C. M.]

FATHER of glory, to thy Name,
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of Grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

To thy almighty SPIRIT be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys,
Thro' nations far abroad.

Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One gen'ral song to raise;
Let saints in earth, and heav'n combine,
In harmony and praise.

H Y M N XCIV. [C. M.]

ARISE, my contemplative pow'rs,
Go view heav'n's fields above;
How they're adorned with the flow'rs,
Of God's unveiled love.

There ever blooming beauty's seen,
And fruits delicious grow;
The Tree of Life, stands tall and green,
And streams transparent flow.

There angels round their heav'nly KING,
Sing forth adoring strains;
Which with resounding echo's ring,
Thro' all the lightsome plains.

There blessed JESUS, smiling sits,
Upon a throne of Grace:
Ten thousand spotless beauties meet,
In his most lovely face.

Thus, while we view the promis'd land,
By faith in Jesu's love;
Our soaring spirits winged stand,
And long to mount above.

H Y M N XCV.

OUR SAVIOUR alone,
The LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on his Throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood;
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our GOD!

We thankfully sing
Thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace:

Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And say, our dear SAVIOUR
Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
While here we abide :
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till each of us see
With joy the bless'd vision
Completed in thee !

H Y M N XCVI. [C. M.]

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys
And strangers to the skies ?

These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

LORD, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

12 H Y M N XCVII. [L. M.]

IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

We, the productions of thy pow'r,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

Protect the young from ev'ry snare,
And let thy staff support the old,
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich,
Have all their heritage in gold.

Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heav'nly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive,
The with'ring plants from their decay.

H Y M N XCVIII. [8. 7. 4.]

LO! He cometh, countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head.

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome Son of God.

Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and Justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear.

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

Come ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy ;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ.

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome to the skies.

Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King ;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing.

Hallelujah,

Boundless glory to the LAMB.

H Y M N XCIX. [C. M.]

COME LORD, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloath'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright)
Th' exalted SAVIOUR shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

LORD tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blisful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

H Y M N C. [L. M.]

IN CHRIST my treasure's all contain'd ;
By him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
From Him I all things do receive,
Through Him my soul does daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;
On Him I cast my ev'ry care ;
Like Him one day I shall appear.

Bless Him, my soul, from day to day ;
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way :
Give Him thy poor weak sinful heart ;
With Him, O never, never part.

Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in ev'ry thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To Him your highest praise belongs;
To Him who does your heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

H Y M N C I. [8. 7. 4.]

LO! He comes with clouds descending
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !
Now redemption, long expected,
See ! in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of GOD appear !
Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, LORD, the general doom,
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit
Take thy pining exiles home,
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

H Y M N CII. [7's.]

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace:
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right-hand in heav'n !

JESU, see, to Thee we bow ;
Thou art Lord, and only Thou,
Thou, the bless'd Virgin's feed,
Glory of thy church and head.

The angels ceaseless sing,
Thee, we praise our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy church ; and we
Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the LORD, for evermore:
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

H Y M N CIII. [L. M.]

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
My rising fears he did controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand:
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, and from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N CIV. [L. M.]

HOW blest are they whose feet have found
The way unto IMMANUEL's ground ;
And steadfast walk the blissful road
Far from the paths by sinners trod.
Their weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly on JESU's breast ;
They so much of his mercy prove,
As wins their grateful souls to love.
His Spirit shews their sins forgiven,
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till JESUS them to bliss translate.

He arms them for the evil day,
That they in heart with Him may stay,
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them through the trying hour.

Then rest, my soul, upon the LORD,
Ev'n JESUS CHRIST, the living word,
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
'Till it break out in endless day.

H Y M N CV. [8. 7. 6.]

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,
All the promises do travel

On a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jubilee, &c.

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,

That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;

Let the Gospel, &c.

Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdom's wide that sit in darkness,

Let them have the glorious light,

And from eastern coast to western,

May the morning chase the night,

And redemption, &c.

Freely purchas'd, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,

From eternal darkness dawn,

And the everlasting Gospel

Spread abroad thy holy Name ;

All the borders, &c.

Of the great IMMANUEL's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
May thy sceptre, &c.
Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

H Y M N C V I. [C. M.]

THOU dear Redeemer, dying LAMB!
We love to hear of Thee:
No music like thy lovely name,
Does sound so sweet to me;
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great MELCHISEDEC! Hallelujah.
Our JESUS shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;

We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay :
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song. Hallelujah.

H Y M N CVII. [8's.]

SAY, where's thy hope ? thou sinner, say,
Look ev'ry where, and ask around,
Who all the mighty debt can pay,
Can a fit ransom e'er be found ?
Yes, LORD, before I drew my breath,
The LAMB for me had suffer'd death !
Far, far away, must Satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain :
For JESUS, when He deign'd to die,
My bondage broke, and burst my chain.

And conqu'ror in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence becomes his right.
Take Thou possession of my heart,
JESUS, and make me live to Thee,
With Thee let nothing claim a part,
But Thou may all for ever be !
And give me, with thy saints above,
All joy in Thee, Thou God of love.

H Y M N CVIII. [6. 8.]

O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, LORD, Thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears ;
Did JESUS once upon me shine,
Then JESUS is for ever mine.
Unchangeable his will
Whatever be my frame :

His loving heart is still
Eternally the same :
My soul through many changes goes ;
His love no variation knows.

Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work Thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm :
'Midst all my fear, and sin, and wo,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move :
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that GOD is love !
My soul into thy arms I cast ;
I know I shall be sav'd at last.

HYMN CIX. [L. M.]

FIRM as the earth thy Gospel stands,
Our LORD, our hope, our trust ;
If we are found in Jesu's hands,
Our soul's can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN CX. [L. M.]

FAR from our thoughts vain world be gone,
Let our religious hours alone ;

Fain would our eyes our SAVIOUR see ;
We wait a visit, LORD, from Thee.

Our hearts grow warm with holy fire,
And kindle with a pure desire :
Come, our dear JESUS, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.

Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace :
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer our hearts with sacred wine.

Blest JESUS ! what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
Hail great IMMANUEL, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;

Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

H Y M N CXI. [L. M.]

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame !
LORD, how we love thy charming name !

When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.

Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light :

Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

Yet now and then, dear LORD, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below,
And in thy Temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.

H Y M N CXII. [L. M.]

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above,
'The reach of these inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne ;
There sits our SAVIOUR crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

When shall the day, dear LORD, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing and love ?

HYMN CXIII. [C. M.]

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear LORD ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N CXIV. [C. M.]

LET them neglect thy glory LORD,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record,
The wonders of thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to thy Throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas He, (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the LORD!

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Hosanna, let the earth and skies,
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

H Y M N CXV. [L. M.]

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying CHRIST,
Can make this world of guilt remove ;
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings celestial Dove !
O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes !

Great All in All ! eternal King !
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing,
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

H Y M N CXVI. [S. M.]

NOT all the blood of beast
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
But **CHRIST**, the heav'nly **LAMB**,
Takes all our sins away :
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of Thine ;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on th' accursed tree ;
 And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the LAMB with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

H Y M N CXVII. [6. 8.]

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
 Lo ! the great Angel stands !
 He holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands.
 Commission'd from his Father's throne
 To make his grace to mortals known.

Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide !
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side ;
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring souls among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul commend thy cause,
He answers and fulfils
His FATHER's broken laws ;

Believing souls now free are set,
For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful debt.

H Y M N CXVIII. [C.M.]

FREE grace to ev'ry heav'n-born soul,
Will be their constant theme;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the LAMB.

Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take its sting away:
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

Our SAVIOUR by free grace alone,
His building shall complete;

With shouting bring forth the head stone
Crying, grace, grace to it:

May I be found a living stone,
In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne
Free grace and dying love.

H Y M N CXIX. [L. M.]

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depth to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
O LORD, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Countroul the waves, say "Peace be still."
Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;

Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the follow'rs of the LAMB,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Tho' tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My SAVIOUR thro' the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy mein,
Force back my shatter'd bark again,

HYMN CXX. [C. M.]

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;

Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

H Y M N CXXI. [C. M.]

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive;
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what can'st thou give.
Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?

My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,

For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

The best returns for one like me,

So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

I cannot serve Him as I ought,

No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most.

H Y M N CXXII. [8. 7. 4.]

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!

Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

**Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!**

How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound.

**See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloath'd in majesty divine!**

**You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"**

**Gracious SAVIOUR,
Own me in that day for thine.**

At His call the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea;

All the pow'rs of nature shaken

By His look, prepare to flee:

Careless sinner,

What will then become of thee.

Satan, who now tries to please you,

Lest you timely warning take,

In that awful day will seize you,
Plung you in the burning lake:

Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the LORD below;
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,"

See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever,
Shall my love and glory know.

H Y M N CXXIII. [L.M.]

REJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd:
No turns of Providence abate

God's care, for those He once hath lov'd.
Firmer than heav'n His cov'nant stands,
Tho' earth should shake, and skies depart,

Were safe in our REDEEMER's hands,
Who bears our names upon his heart.

Our Surety knows for whom He stood,
And gave Himself a sacrifice :
The souls, once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.

Tho' darkness spread around our tent,
Tho' fear prevail, and joy decline,
GOD will not of his oath repent,
Dear LORD, thy people still are thine.

H Y M N CXXIV. [104th]

YE servants of GOD, your SAVIOUR proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of JESUS extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
GOD ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh, his presence we have :

The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to JESUS our KING.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
Our JESU's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the LAMB.

Then let us adore, and give Him his right;
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

H Y M N CXXV. [104th]

OUR Shepherd alone,
The LORD, let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood;

All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our GOD.

We daily will sing
Thy glory, thy praise,

Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace;

Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell;

And say, our dear SAVIOUR
Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
While here we abide;

Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide

Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see

The beautiful vision
Completed in thee.

H Y M N CXXVI. [C. M.]

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds;
A deep, celestial spring.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
And drink, adore, and bless.

To Him, who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of his love,
Be constant praise, while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above.

H Y M N CXXVII. [L. M.]

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And CHRIST receives, and gives it in.
And shall we in dead silence lie,
When CHRIST stands waiting for our pray'r ?

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My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy is before thee; pray.

Depend on CHRIST, thou can'st not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

H Y M N CXXVIII. [6. 8.]

JESUS my GOD of love!
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
Help me ye hosts above,
To raise my joyful song.
Him we'll adore, whom men with scorns,
Did spit upon, and crown with thorns.

JESUS when I survey,
And trace thy footsteps o'er;
I'd give my life away,
To know, and love thee more:
My bleeding LAMB, I'll still adore,
Till heav'n and earth shall be no more,
But Oh! how shall I show,
That depth of love divine!
Which made my SAVIOUR bow
His head, and ne'er repine:
Sure love like this, was never known!
Before his throne I'll cast my crown.
I'll cast my crown, and sing;
And never cease to praise;
My SAVIOUR and my KING,
And tunes of pleasure raise;
This, this, my joyful work shall be,
Thro' time and long eternity.

H Y M N CXXIX. [L. M.]

JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

O let not sin and satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by op'ning night.

HYMN CXXX. [8. 8. 6.]

FROM whence this fear and unbelief!

Hast thou, O FATHER, put to grief
Thy spotless SON for me?

And will the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,

Which, LORD, was charg'd on thee!

Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid

What'er thy people ow'd:

How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood.

[If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely in my room endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;

Payment GOD cannot twice demand,
First, at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High-Priest
Speak peace and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from GOD,
Since JESUS dy'd for thee.

H Y M N CXXXI. [8. 8. 6.]

COME, LORD, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our GOD;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown ;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height
Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

O dearest Joshua ! bring us in ;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove :
The heav'nly Canaan, LORD divide,
And, O, with all the sanctified,
Give us a lot of love !

H Y M N CXXXII. [C. M.]

AND have I, CHRIST, no love to thee,
No passion for thy charms?

No wish my SAVIOUR's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To Him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

Can I pronounce His charming Name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure CHRIST deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

A very wretch, LORD, I should prove,
Had I no love to Thee:
Rather than not my SAVIOUR love,
O may I cease to be!

H Y M N CXXXIII. [7. 7. 6.]

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
T'wards heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:

Thus a soul new-born of God;
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the SAVIOUR will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

H Y M N CXXXIV. [L. M.]

NOW let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel his love
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

H Y M N CXXXV. [L. M.]

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone,
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
There everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

H Y M N CXXXVI. [L. M.]

WHO shall the LORD's elect condemn,
'Tis GOD that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis CHRIST that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
CHRIST is our life, our joy, our hope ;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove
Or wean our hearts from CHRIST our love,

H Y M N CXXXVII. [C. M.]

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins !

The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
LORD, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. [C. M.]

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
Dear dying LAMB, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'rs divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

M

H Y M N CXXXIX. [7's.]

HARK, the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more might die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth.

Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Glory to the new-born King,
Let us all the anthem sing,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd !

H Y M N CXL. [L. M.]

JESUS, all praise is due to Thee,
That Thou was pleas'd a man to be !
A Virgin's womb Thou didst not scorn,
And angels shout to see Thee born. Hallelujah !
The blessed Father's only Son
Chuseth a manger for his throne ;
And, tho' the high and mighty God,
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood. Hallelujah !
The Father's brightness comes in sight,
Gives to the world its saving light ;
And drives the clouds of sin away,
To make us children of the day. Hallelujah !

The Son, the Almighty God confess'd
In his own world became a guest ;
And open'd through himself the way,
A passage to eternal day. Hallelujah !
And therefore poor on earth He came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endless bliss,
With all those chosen saints of his. Hallelujah !

H Y M N CXLI. [C. M.]

MY soul come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

O ! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

Then should we see the saints above;
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

H Y M N CXLII. [C. M.]

THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

H Y M N CXLIII. [C. M.]

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our LORD ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the LORD our SAVIOUR rose,
So all his follow'rs must.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till CHRIST shall call us home.

H Y M N CXLIV. [C.M.]

NAKED as from the earth we came
And crept to life at first ;

We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now ;
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his Name !)
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry passions then !
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N CXLV. [C. M.]

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move ?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
That keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume !

The grave of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head.

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way ;
Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

H Y M N CXLVI. [S. M.]

THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan ;
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

JESUS, who came to save,
The LAMB for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

Why fear we then to trust

The place where JESUS lay?

In quiet rests our brother's dust,

And thus it seems to say:

“ Forbear, my friends, to weep,

“ Since death hath lost its sting:

“ Those Christians, that in JESUS sleep,

“ Our God will with Him bring.”

H Y M N CXLVII. [8's]

STRANGERS and sojourners below,

We travel through this wilderness,

Seeking the promis'd rest to know,

In CHRIST the fountain of true bliss:

We seek a place beyond the skies,

An everlasting paradise.

In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
Our souls with manna CHRIST must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace :
So shall each pilgrim gladly move,
Onward unto his home above.
No earthly bliss is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath ;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid joy in death :
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, Oh ! quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears!
Heav'n opens to my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?

H Y M N CXLIX.

A LITTLE space weak man appears,
And like a shadow flies away:

Some few arrive to seventy years,
While crowds scarce see the op'ning day.

Man goes to darkness in the grave,
While all the seasons run their rounds

Alike the monarch and the slave,
Till the last mighty trumpet sounds.

Then spring to life the righteous dead,
With sparkling glory in their eyes:

But all the wicked stand with dread;
Are fill'd with horror and surprise.

LORD, may we rise to thine embrace,
With all the shining sons of light;

And not be banish'd from thy face,
In darkness and eternal night.

O JESUS, may we hear thy voice
Say, "Come, ye chosen, to my bliss;"

Come, and possess eternal joys,
Where peace and perfect pleasure is.

Thus shall we spend eternity,
That long and never-ending space;
And our united song shall be,
To sing aloud redeeming grace.

HYMN CL.

HARK! I hear the trumpet sound,
How it rends the gaping ground!
See the graves resign their trust!
See the souls resume their dust!
See the sea give up her dead,
Rising from her wat'ry bed!
See the God in flames descend!
See all nature near her end!
See the Angel; hear him say,
This the last decisive day;
At the bar now all appear,
Your unchanging doom to hear.

See the righteous how they rise !
Triumph sparkling in their eyes :
Angels bear them to their GOD ;
Cleans'd and chang'd by JESU's blood.

They with joy the blessing hear,
Quite divest and void of fear :
Come, ye blessed, live with me
Thro' a vast eternity !

Once on earth you wanted peace,
Now your comforts never cease :
Here ye shall for ever reign,
And all heav'n resound, Amen !

H Y M N C L I.

IT is the LORD !—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine ;
And has an uncontrouled right
To govern me and mine.

It is the LORD!—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of my comforts may recall
Whatever part he please.

It is the LORD!—shall I distrust
Or contradict his will?

Who cannot will but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

It is the LORD!—should I contend,
Or dare dispute his laws;
I only thereby lose a friend,
But cannot serve my cause.

It is the LORD!—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!

A cov'nant bought and seal'd with blood
Must ever be the same.

O sacred charter of my bliss,
When other comforts die;

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My soul, in consequence of this,
Lives thro' eternity.

And shall my soul, with hopes like these,
Be fullen or repine?

No! gracious God! take what thou please,
I'll chearfully resign.

H Y M N CLII. [L. M.]

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,
Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the death of CHRIST my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown!
Where the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N CLIII. [L. M.]

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our SAVIOUR from our thought.
He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
The LORD of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;

We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
CHRIST and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on Him.
While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

H Y M N CLIV. [L. M.]

HOW rich are thy provisions, LORD!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love,
Thine ancient family the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:

We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
What shall we pay th' eternal SON,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God?
It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.
Our everlasting love is due
To Him, that ransom'd sinners lost,
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expence His love would cost.

H Y M N CLV. [C. M.]

HOU sweet and awful is the place
With CHRIST within the doors,

While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race,
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

H Y M N CLVI. [C. M.]

GIVE us this day, all bounteous LORD,
Our sacramental bread,
Who thus his sacrifice record
That suffer'd in our stead.

Reveal in ev'ry soul thy SON,
And let us taste the grace
Which bring assur'd salvation down
To all, who seek Thy face.

Who here commemorate his death
To us his life impart,
The loving filial Spirit breathe
Into each waiting heart.

My earnest of eternal bliss
Let my REDEEMER be,
And if e'en now he present is,
Now let him speak in me.

H Y M N CLVII. [L. M.]

STUPENDOUS grace! heav'n's darling bleeds,
To ransom rebels doom'd to hell;
Well might heav'n's lamps put on their weeds,
And hide their faces in a vail.

Transcendant love! it was for me,
For me, among the sinking race,
He bled and dy'd upon the tree.—
Where shall I hide my blushing face

Melt, melt, my heart into a flood
Of pious grief, and holy shame;
Could I weep crimson tears of blood,
Far lovli'r was the bleeding LAMB.

JESUS, thou flow'r of Paradise,
Thy love did ne'er its equal meet
Teach me thy loveliness to prize,
Thou spotless fair; thou heav'nly sweet.

With sweet delight, Oh! let me trace,
The wonders of redeeming love:
'Till I behold my SAVIOUR's face,
On Sion's happy mount above.

H Y M N CLVIII.

MY SAVIOUR dy'd, Oh wond'rous grace!
He meekly suffer'd in my place;
How shall I all his goodness tell?
His love is sure unspeakable,

My wand'ring thoughts, where have you been?
Oh why have I so little seen,
Into this lovely mystery,
That CHRIST for love to me did die?

Rise, Oh my soul! with heav'nly zeal,
And wing thy flight to Calv'ry's hill:
See there the dear expiring LAMB!
He bears my burden, and my shame.

" 'Tis finished," said his latest breath;
And sunk among the waves of death:
He fought, and bled, and overcame;
Salvation to the slaughter'd LAMB!

Here would my thought with pleasure stay,
Wond'ring 'till my expiring day,
And mourn as Salem's daughters did;
O'er a REDEEMER, crucify'd!

H Y M N CLIX. [L. M.]

SWEET JESUS, when thy death I view;

The ancient wonders ev'r new;
'This doth my sinking spirits raise,
And fills my thankful heart with praise.

Oh! who, that casts a wishful eye,
To see the LAMB on Calv'ry die?
Can ever of his goodness doubt,
Or fear that He will cast them out.

There let my thoughts with wonder stay;
'Till all my griefs are wip'd away:
Nor may I ever grieve Him more,
Nor ne'er distrust His mercy's pow'r.
Thus while I sing His bleeding love,
My unbelieving fears remove:
Oh! may this sweet delightful song,
For ever dwell upon my tongue.
Help me, dear SAVIOUR; tune my heart,
And in thy praise, I'll bare my part;
Untill I see thy face above,
Then shall I better sing thy love.

H Y M N CLX. [L. M.]

BEHOLD the loving Son of God,
Stretch'd out and nail'd unto the tree!
How freely He pour'd out His blood,
For such poor worthless worms as we!

What love, and pity mov'd His heart,
That He would leave that glorious place :
And suffer so much pain and smart,
To save a sinking dying race.
O boundless love! O matchless grace!
Oh! who can sound th' unfathom'd deep?
While angels at this myst'ry gaze,
Let fav'rite worms admire and weep.
O tell it out to sinners, tell;
Loudly His sov'reign grace proclaim:
Who dy'd to save our souls from hell,
Salvation to the bleeding LAMB.

H Y M N CLXI. [C. M.]

ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When GOD the mighty MAKER dy'd
For man his creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And flow my eyes in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
That debt of love I owe;
Here, LORD, I give myself away,
O help me so to do.

H Y M N CLXII. [8's]

ENCOURAG'D by the word of grace,
We meet Thee at Thy table, LORD;
Oh let us see Thy smiling face,
And one reviving look afford:
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.
We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste;
But cloathed in thy righteousness
We humbly venture to the feast,
Amidst Thy saints, dear LORD, appear,
And manifest Thy presence here.
With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread:
Tasting the symbol of Thy flesh,
May we on purchas'd mercy feed:

Remind us how Thy precious blood
Was shed to seal our peace with God.

H Y M N CLXIII. [L. M.]

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to his foes ;

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :
What love thro' all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace He spake !

“ This is my body broke for sin,
“ Receive and eat the living food :”
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :
“ 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.”
“ Do this (He cry'd) till time shall end,
“ In mem'ry of your dying friend ;

“ Meet at My table, and record
“ The love of your departed LORD.”

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate
We shew Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXIV. [C. M.]

THIS was compassion like a God,
That when the SAVIOUR knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew !

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne :
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart to groan.

Now tho' He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :

Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor will his saints forget.

Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesu's dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the LORD.

H Y M N CLXV. [L. M.]

TO GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

H Y M N CLXVI. [C. M.]

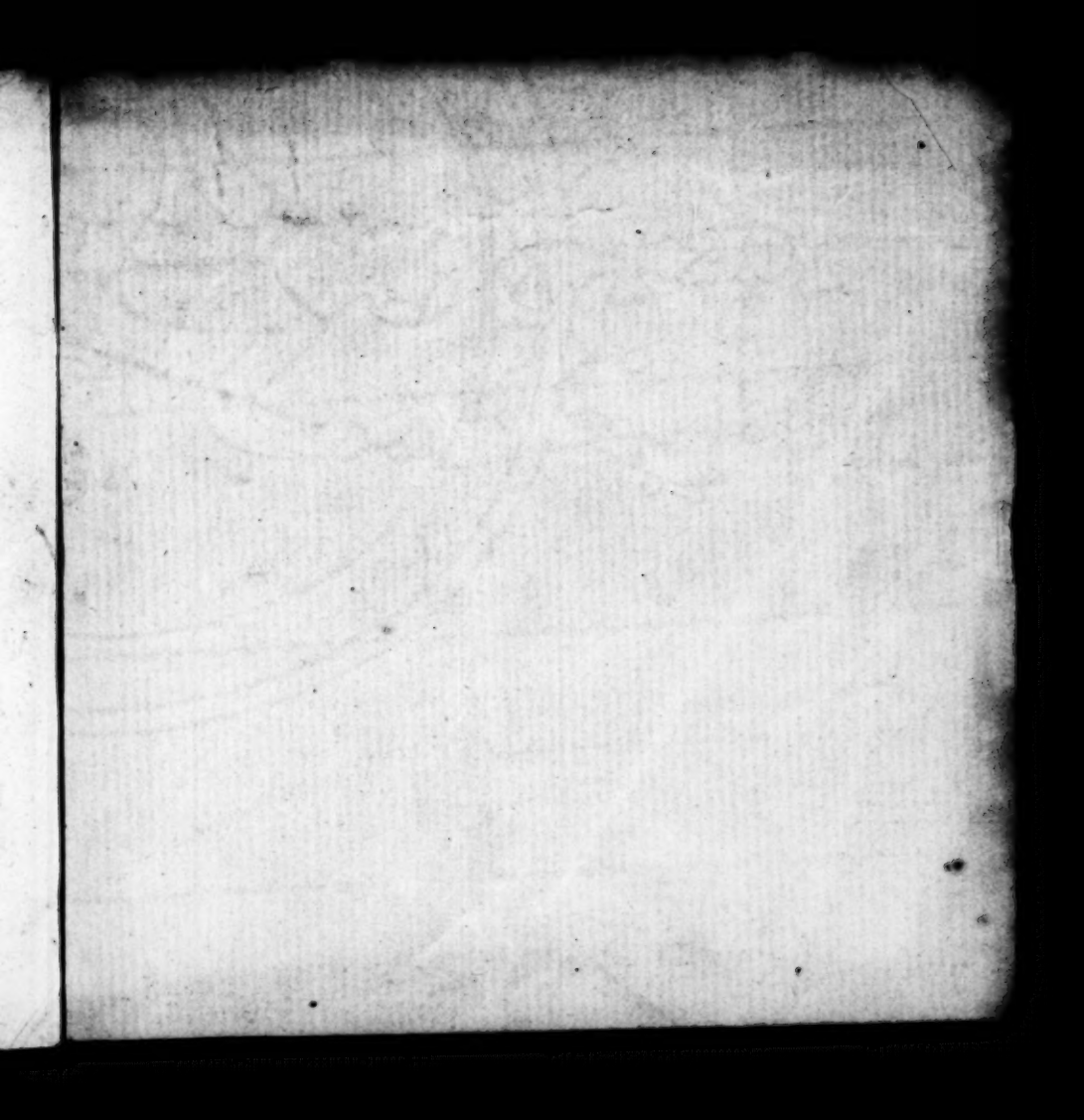
LET GOD the FATHER, and the SON,
And SPIRIT be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints that love the LORD.

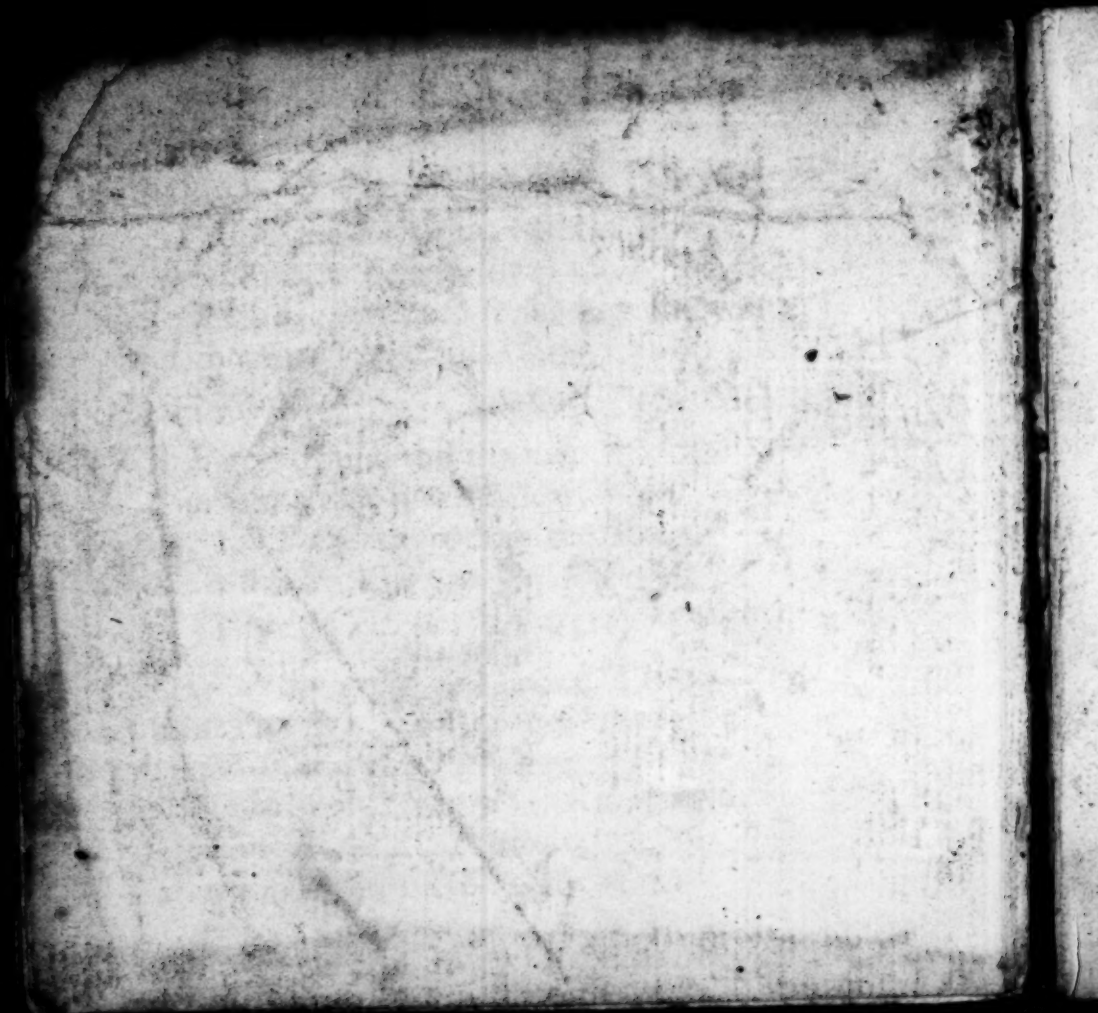
H Y M N. CLXVII. [S. M.]

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the FATHER, praise the SON,
And bless the SPIRIT too. **6 SE 55**

H Y M N CLXVIII. [8's.]

NOW to the great and sacred THREE,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where GOD is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.





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